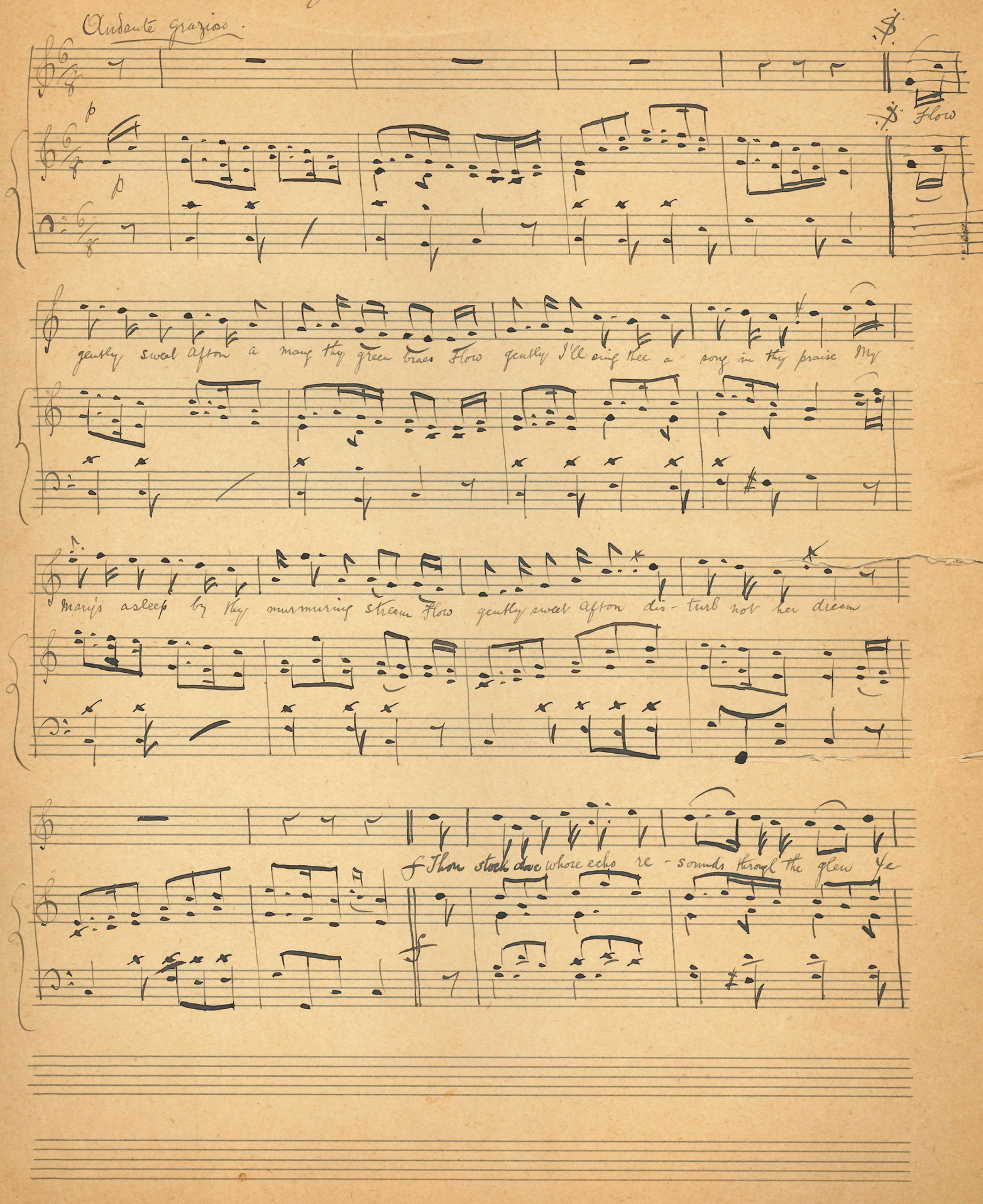
Afton Water.

Andante grazioso.


Flow
gently sweet afton a mang thy green braes Flow gently I'll sing thee a song in thy praise My
Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream Flow gently sweet afton dis-turb not her dream
Thou stock dove whose echo re-sounds through the glen Ye

II

How lofty sweet Afton thy neighboring hills
Far marked with the courses of clear winding rills
There daily I wander as noon rises high
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye
How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow
There oft as mild evening sweeps over the lea
The sweet scented birk shades my Mary & me.

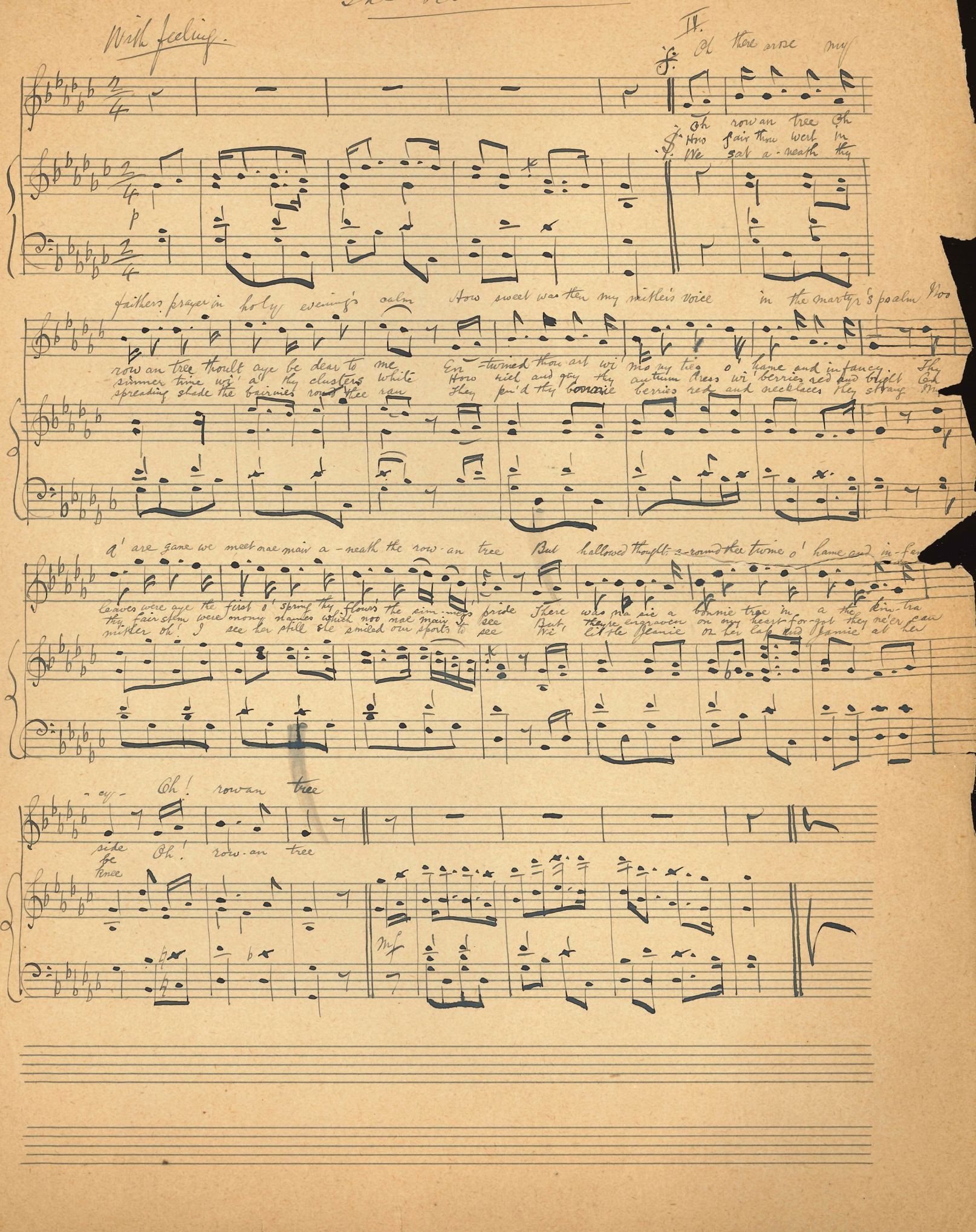
III.

Thy crystal stream Afton how lovely it glides
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave
As gathring sweet ~~flowrets~~ flowrets she stems thy clear wave!
Flow gently sweet Afton, amang the green brais
Flow gently sweet river the theme of my lays
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

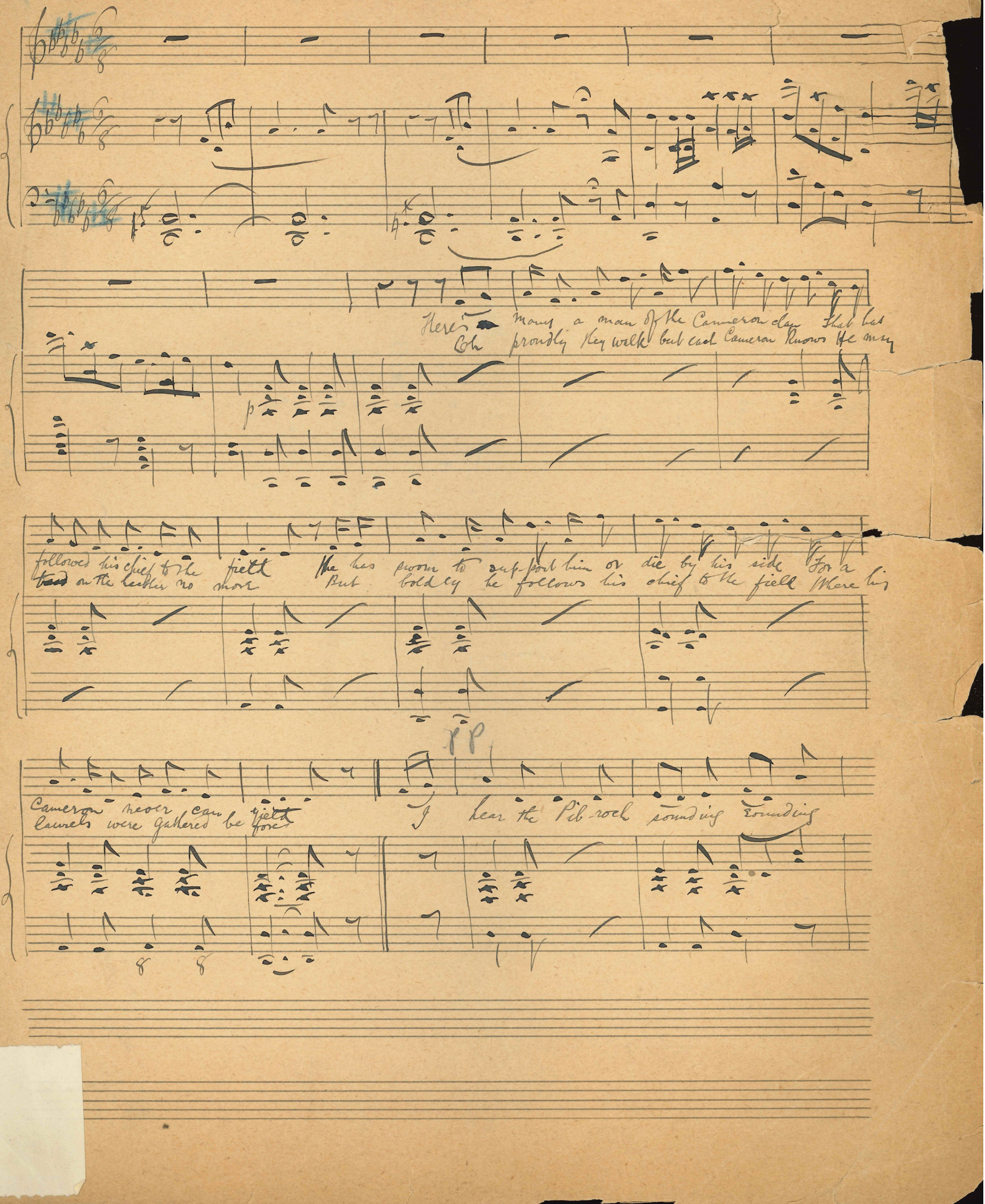
The Rowan Tree.

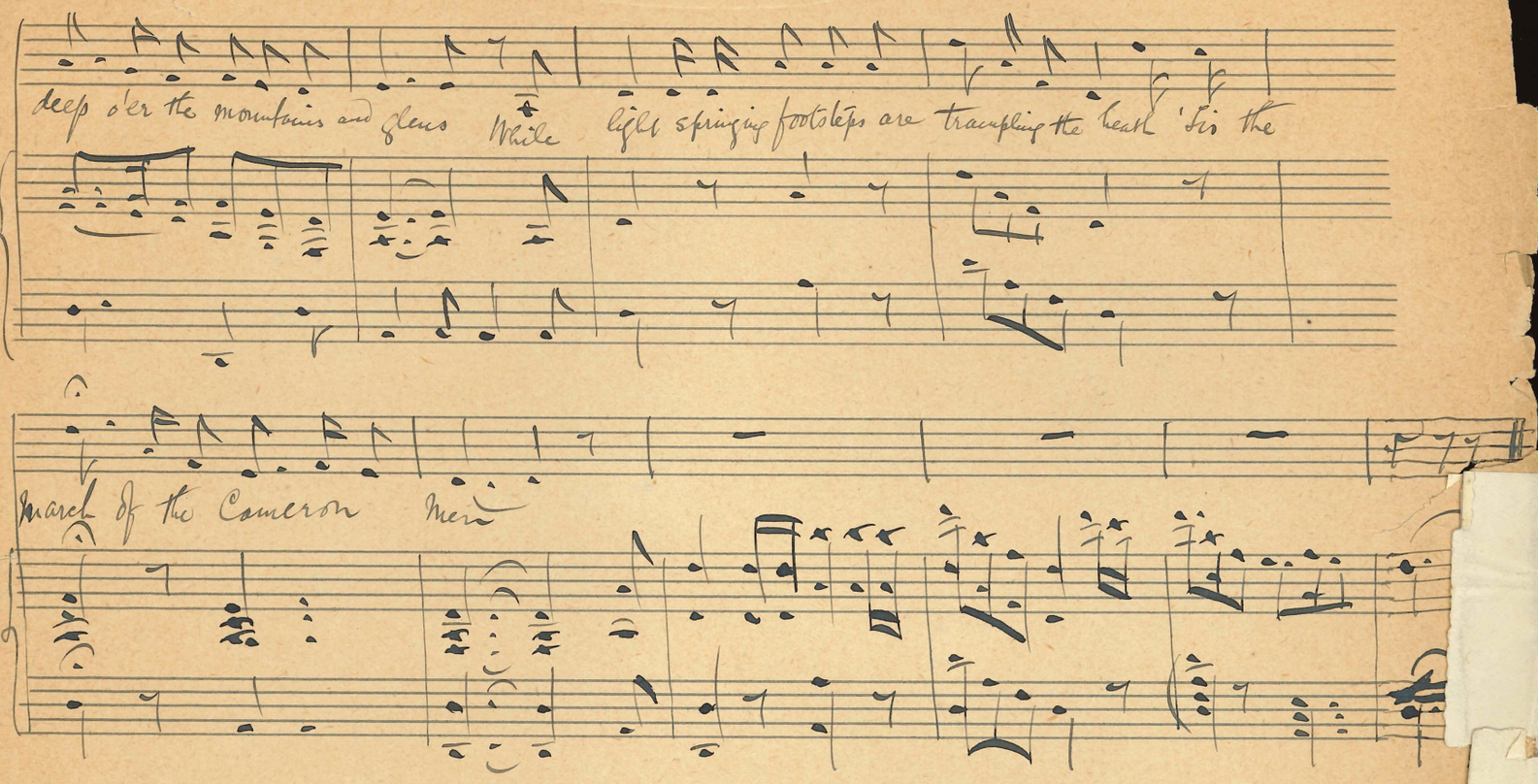
With feeling.

II.


Oh there arose my
Oh rowan tree Oh
How fair thou wert in
We sat a-neath thy
fathers prayer in holy evening's calm How sweet was then my mither's voice in the martyr's psalm How
row an tree thoult aye be dear to me En-twined thou art wi' mony tie o' hame and infancy Thy
simmer tine wi' a' thy clusters white How rich and gay thy autumn dress wi' berries red and bright Oh
spreading shade the bairnies round thee ran They pu'd thy bonnie berries red and necklaces they strang Wi'
a' are gane we meet nae mair a-neath the row-an tree But hallowed thoughts around thee twine o' hame and in-fa
leaves were aye the first o' spring thy flowers the sim-mer pride There was na sic a bonnie tree in a the kin-tra
thy fair stem were ony names which noo nae mair I see But these engraven on my heart for-got they ne'er can
mither oh! I see her still she smiled our sports to see Wi' Little Jeanie on her lap and Jamie at her
-ey- Oh! rowan tree
side Oh! row-an tree
knee

The March of the Cameron Men


Here
Oh
many a man of the Cameron clan that has
proudly they walk but each Cameron knows the way
followed his chief to the field
on the heather no more
He has sworn to support him or die by his side For a
But boldly he follows his chief to the field Where his
Cameron never can be yield
Camerons were gathered before
I hear the Pibroch sounding
sounding


deep o'er the mountains and glens While light springing footsteps are trampling the heath 'tis the
March of the Cameron Men

The moon has arisen, it shines on the path,
Now trod by the gallant and true;
High, high are their hopes, for their chieftain has said,
That whatever men dare, they can do—
I hear the Pibroch &c. &c.